



Staying Too Long at the Fair

...see page 10

Watsup

Today's Community Guide supplement is detachable. Remove it and insert it in Monday's Community Guide.

art

Albert White Gallery—Primitive Art of Nigeria, to Oct. 5.

Art Gallery of Ontario—*French Master Drawings of the 17th & 18th Centuries in North American collections*, to Oct. 15. Also, *Ontario Society of Artists exhibit*.

Morris Gallery—Tim Whiten, sculpture and drawings, closes tomorrow.

Eaton's Art Gallery—Frank Henry, who works in plastics, closes tomorrow.

Hart House Gallery—Recent Acquisitions, to October 6.

Scarborough College—Arcadia-Olenska-Petryshyn, paintings to Sept. 29.

A Space—Peter Kennedy and Mike Paar, two Australian artists; their mailed show continues until Sept. 27. Walter Wright's colour videos until Sept. 30. F Stop Gallery—photos by Jack MacAulay, until Sept. 28.

Trinity Square Gallery—Mary Dunn, collage, until Sept. 22.

Victoria—Douglas Martin, paintings, until 20.

Isaacs Gallery—Indian Miniature and Tantric Art, Oct. 7.

theatre

W.W. Theatre Productions is currently staging an exceptional piece of theatre by the French author Albert Camus. *The Just Assassins* - are terrorists in pre-Revolution Russia (1905) who are scheming to assassinate a grand duke, and eventually to wrest Russia from the clutches of the Czar and restore it to the people.

The characters attempt to justify their terrorist methods and their killing, and they do develop a concept of justice which renders their conscience innocent and their actions just. It is interesting to compare with this the thorough moral lambasting delivered by today's media to current terrorists. Their argument can be made to sound convincing.

The production itself is well-conceived and smoothly executed. The director and actors have worked together to produce the existentialist point of view from which the play was written. The actors deliver their lines in a very personalized, frank and open manner, and come across as individuals with a cause. The director has created a world with a mood of hostility and confusion, so that the audience understands and sympathizes with the characters' alienation.

You may not leave the production with schemes of planting bombs in the trashcans behind Simcoe Hall, or under the limousines of our esteemed governors, but any lurking discontent that you may have previously had with our educational system may creep toward some unexpected realization.

by Marie McAllister

The Rothschilds is a dull and dreary son of Fiddler on the Roof. Monday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m. with matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 p.m. Closes Sept. 30 at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

Godspell has left the Alex for the Playhouse Theatre, 1605 Bayview Ave. Tuesday through Friday at 8:30 p.m., Saturday at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., Sunday at 3 and 7:30 p.m.

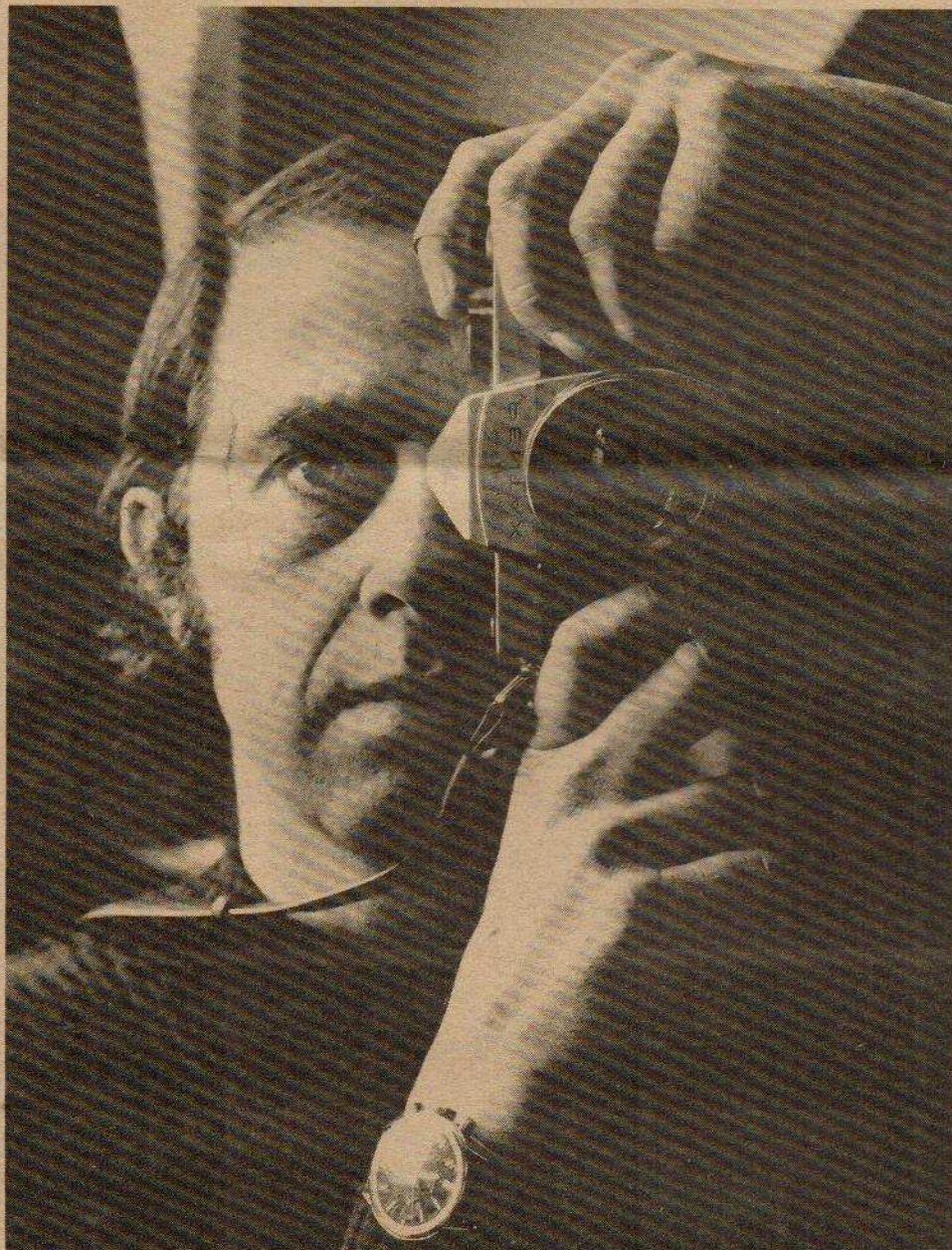
Leaving Home has come back home

to the Tarragon Theatre, 30 Bridgman Ave. after a summer hiatus. Tuesday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m. Sunday at 2:30 p.m., it's pay-what-you-can.

The Hypochondriac This production of Moliere's classic *Le Malade Imaginaire* is rather sickening. Tuesday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m. and Wednesday through Friday at 2:30 p.m. in the Colonnade Theatre.

Foul Play by west coast playwright Lawrence Russell at the Factory Theatre Lab. Performances Tuesday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m. Sunday's show is pay-what-you-can.

The Just Assassins: Mistranslated from Albert Camus' *Les Justes*, this production appears at the Global Village Theatre, Wednesday through Saturday, to Sept. 30. Tickets \$3 and \$2.



Morley Markson directed *Breathing Together* at the Poor Alex

The End: John Palmer trudges turgidly onward at the Toronto Free Theatre, 24 Berkeley St. Tuesday through Sunday at 8:30 p.m. It's free but reservations are required.

Mime: The Canadian Mime Theatre opens its repertory season Tuesday with *Visual Delights '72* and Wednesday with *The Vagabonds* at the Central Library Theatre.

rock

Robert Charlebois, Quebec rock singer ventures onto the Massey Hall stage tomorrow night. This appearance closely follows the release of Charlebois' new album on Barclay/Polydor which marks his English singing and writing debut. It should be an interesting evening. Fiddlers Green, (489-3001) near

Yonge and Eglinton, features the *Putnam String County Band* of John Cohen (of the New Lost City Ramblers) tonight. Admission is only \$1. *String Band* entertains on Tues. Sept. 26.

Bobby Whitlock is quite a keyboard talent. He was one of the members of Derek and the Dominoes and has played with Delaney & Bonnie and Friends. He and his band will be in town till Sunday at the Riverboat, 134 Yorkville (922-6216). Doors open at 8 pm. with an admission of \$3.50 and the first set starts about 9 pm. *Eric Anderson* takes over from Sept. 26 to Oct. 1.

Grumbles, 71 Jarvis above King (368-0796), offers *Bukka White* - for blues fans - today and tomorrow only. *Perth County Conspiracy* will be in residence from Mon. to Sat. of next week. Admission is \$3 and the first set starts at 9 pm.

Brave Belt is at the El Mocambo, Spadina at College, (961-2558) tonight and tomorrow. Next week you can hear *Bananas* and *Whiskey Howl*. No cover.

Ten Years After, *Edgar Winter* and *Peter Frampton* will attempt to conquer the acoustics of Toronto's hockey palace on Tues. Sept. 26.

Cat Stevens hasn't been heard of in at least a year, but a new album on A & M, called *Catch Bull at Four* should be released in a week or two. Stevens will be in Toronto on Nov. 10 and 11 to do two shows at Massey Hall.

Church. Bach will be booming at his concert this Monday, 8:30 pm.

The Edward Johnson Building hosts a Thursday afternoon concert of Jazz music by the McGill University Faculty of Music. At 2 pm. While at 8:30 in the evening the re-grouped Oxford Quartet stages its first concert in a while with Dvorak and Mozart, who will be available after the concert to sign autographs.

N.B. Balasaraswati in a program of South Indian Classical Dance will perform Sunday at 8 pm. in the Edward Johnson Recital Hall. Tickets will be available until 5 pm. today in rm 308 at 280 Huron Street, at Sunday from 5 pm. till concert time at the EJB.

film

CANADIAN film-makers are the racial equal of any other country's film-makers, and contrary to cant a Canadian picture is not an automatic box-office disaster. This has been merrily borne out by the season of Canadian movies now winding down at the Poor Alex. Tonight through Sunday, are the last days for *Breathing Together*, which won first prize at the Ann Arbor Film Festival. While not so hot as film, it is a solid, gloriously biased documentary on the halcyon days of the youth culture revolution combination. With those days gone, *Breathing* becomes first-rate cultural history particularly, because director Markson had the good sense to let the figures he documents hold forth in long unedited bursts. Since these include Allen Ginsberg, Klaes Oldenberg, Fred Hampton, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, William Kunstler, Buckminster Fuller and Timothy Leary, a very theatrical cast to begin with, Markson really just had to hold the camera steady and keep the mike in close. He did, and the result is funny, ironic, informative and sometimes very sad when you consider the fortunes of the speakers (and of America) in the four years since the film was shot.

Markson's first film, *Zero the Fool*, shows at eight o'clock, but unless you are given to experiments in dramatic form—with no redeeming content—you would probably better enjoy the evening by just arriving at ten for *Breathing Together*. \$1.50 at the Poor Alex, Bloor at Brunswick. Through Sunday.

Everything you Always Wanted to Know About Sex: Woody Allen has chosen seven rubrics from Dr. Reuben's dumb, dumb book and turned them into something like comedy. There is a classy send-up of an Antonioni film (appropriately about frigidity), subtitles and all; a love story about a man and a sheep which is elegiac, not bucolic; and a mission-control center skit about scoring, complete with crises and cameraderie. When the gags fall, this movie begins to look very smutty indeed. But then Allen has always been a scatter-shot comic. Uptown. \$2.75 for about \$1.25 worth of entertainment.

Play it Again, Sam: Many of the gags are at the Playboy level, but Woody Allen and Diane Keating turn their characters into real mensches, so this becomes a nice movie. Uptown, \$2.50.

music

CBC Musicscope tonight at 8 pm features the National Youth Orchestra in their concert from Quebec City. The same taped show is on at 8:03 on the FM network in stereo next Thursday.

The Canadian Opera Company continues its season with *Aida* this Saturday at 2 pm., the opening night of *Tosca* this Tuesday at 8:15, *Siegfried* on Wed. at 8 pm sharp, *la Boheme* on Monday at 8:15 and *Eugene Onegin* Thursday at 8:15.

The Ontario Youth Choir sings in Metro United Church this Sunday at 8:30 pm. Another choir, the Festival Singers, is concertizing in Hart House this Sunday at 9 pm. They have six more concerts to come this year in Metro.

The resourceful Melville Cook commands the monstrous Casavants pipe organ again this year at Metro United

L'Hebdo is the Varsity's regular Friday supplement section. It will carry in-depth and interpretative articles on a broad variety of topics, as well as reviews of music, books, theatre, and other cultural activities.

Persons wishing to write, draw, take pictures, or assist in any other way with L'Hebdo are asked to come to a meeting Monday at 1 p.m. in the L'Hebdo office on the first floor of 91 St. George. If you are unable to attend the meeting, call Ulli Diemer (923-8741; 966-3091) or Bill MacVicar (923-8742; 920-2473).

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Forst, Thomson and Rideout in Eugene Onegin

Fragility in Tchaikowsky work

The operas of Tchaikowsky are rarely performed, and seeing Eugene Onegin staged last Saturday was a treat on this account. It is an intriguing opera, based on a story by Pushkin and changed by Tchaikowsky into a fin-de-siecle conversation piece. The effect is interesting with Pushkin's tragedy dipped into Tchaikowsky's sugar-plum fairy powder, but emerging looking a little too refined. The contrasts of story and setting were not unlike an icon, with cold, impassive visage framed by ornate glitter.

After such a verbose preamble, it would be redundant to stress the weakness of the plot. But one became aware of the burden placed on the singers who had to contend not only with intricate (and often inconsiderate) arias but also weak characterizations for all the main roles, save Tatyana.

The acting inability of Victor Braun was painfully exposed, as he sang the role of Onegin. As the haughty,

self-assured playboy he was convincing; but in the final act his desperate pleas to Tatyana and crushing rejection by her were much less plausible. On the other hand, Mr. Braun was vocally superior and dominated the huge stage with his beautiful baritone voice.

Heather Thomson as Tatyana sang and acted wonderfully and her bedroom aria in Act 1 was perhaps the highlight of the evening. Somewhat weaker was mezzo-soprano Patrica Rideout as the nurse, Filipyevna. Miss Rideout has difficulties in the lower range where she strains to project. We noted this difficulty first with her interpretation of Suzuki in Madame Butterfly last year.

The production as a whole was coherent and staging problems were adeptly solved. The orchestra, led by James Craig was tightly paced, in the usual first-night tradition.

Tony Jahn

Southern Comfort: it's the only way to travel.

Join the fun on the S.S. Southern Comfort. The party takes off any night and the only baggage you need is some Southern Comfort, ice, and mix. See you on the levee.

Arrivals from the South:

Cold Comfort

Pour 1½ ounces of Southern Comfort over crushed ice. Add a twist of lemon.

Comfort Screwdriver

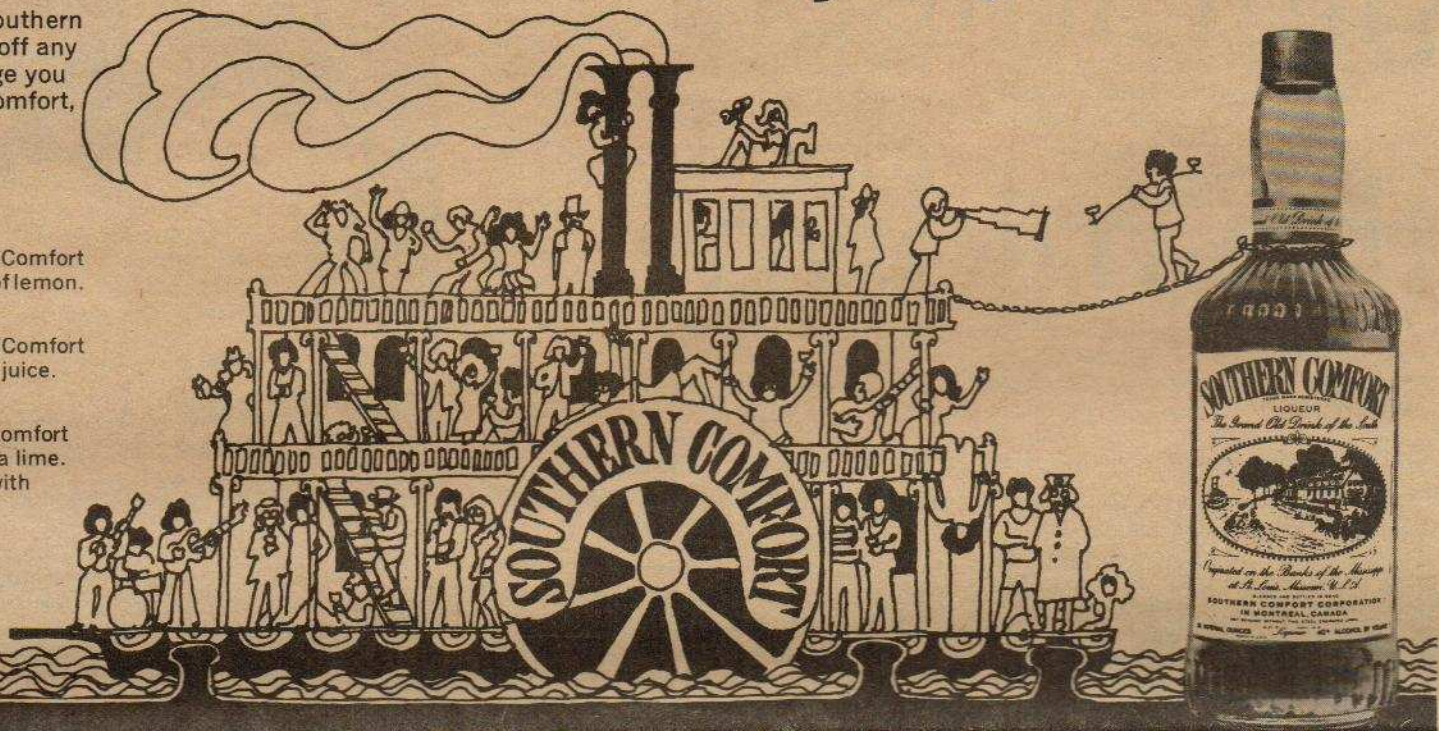
Pour 1½ ounces of Southern Comfort over ice. Top up with orange juice.

Comfort Collins

Mix 1½ ounces of Southern Comfort with the juice of a quarter of a lime. Add some ice. Fill the glass with lemon-lime drink.

Try these, too:

Comfort 'n' Cola, Comfort and Tonic, Comfort Daiquiri, etc., etc.



Sexual Awareness Week

SEPTEMBER 25TH-29TH

A Week of Discussions, Displays and Films to Explore Our Sexuality - Facts and Fantasies - Pleasures and Problems. Sponsored by The University Health Service and The Students' Administrative Council.

**TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH**

2:00-5:00 P.M. LASH MILLER Building Room 161 (St. George And Willcocks Sts.)
Two Afternoons of Informal Discussion, Displays and Film Presentations.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH

7:00 P.M. Medical Sciences Building (Large Lecture Theatre)
"SEXUALITY"
Presentations from a Panel of Doctors, Sociologists and Students, with Opportunity for Questions and Discussion.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH

7:00 P.M. Medical Sciences Building (Large Lecture Theatre)
"CONTRACEPTION"
A Look at Family Planning Methods and Problems.

China comes to the Ex; glut infects the midway

"Do they know?" This was my first question at the startling announcement last year that the People's Republic of China were coming to the Canadian National Exhibition. The bamboo curtain was splintering, yes, and China was anxious to display the fruits of its collectivist labor to jaded capitalist consumers. But, surely, they had been somehow misinformed the "National" in the name had thrown them off, maybe, made them think that this was to be another Expo '67, another Flushing Meadows Fair, a little more folksey and loose, possibly, but a big deal nonetheless.

What would they say, then, when they arrived to find among their neighbors the sheep and swine pavilion, the stand where you could squirt mustard and catsup against a whirling canvas to make kaleidoscopic designs that "look and smell like the CNE", or the round-the-world rides on the midway, depicting their country as a never-neverland where buck-toothed coolies shuffled along under the benevolent smiles of Buddha? Heads would roll.

There was a reason to go to the Ex now, at least a pretext. It was quite all right to gawk reverently at the lacquer were, even to suppress a smile at the Chariman's sturdy homilies which, I wrongly expected, would plaster the walls. But, though I was eager to see just what notes China would strike amid all the ricky-tick of the fair, the rest of the Ex was starting to lure me, too. The midway is something of a twingeing tooth for me, and my tongue keeps nudging over to prod it.

Most of my life, I lived a few miles from what was billed as the second biggest country fair in the U.S.A. To go was tantamount to a civic obligation, and in a town without much else to do, it was easy to find excuses for returning a second and a third time. It never occurred to me that I was free not to go, though I hated it, as I had hated (a little kid) parades and circuses which invariably I left in tears. Why they affected me so, I have no idea. Surely, dumb kid, I had no inkling of the behind-the-scenes doings of carry folk. Craven dishonesty. Common-law jealousies. Mickies of rye. Vendettas rolled up with the tent-canvas and unfurled half a continent away.

No, it wasn't 'til I started to sneak-watch late movies when I should have been in bed, and *Nightmare Alley* stuck with me for weeks, that I was able to put reasons to my qualms. (Tyrone Power ends up as that ghastly after-hour spectacle, a geek. Usually a terminal

alcoholic, a geek horrifies the yokels by biting the heads off live chickens).

Once I got over that picture, that melodrama about things and ways of life which I could not, then, imagine, the same old fairs began to attract me for precisely the same reasons that had repelled me before. It had been quite a while since I had let myself indulge a leering curiosity; China had now given me a pretext. One Friday afternoon I jumped on a Bathurst car and rode down; I would get the China pavilion out of the way at the start, leaving the night for voyeurism.

The queue, rather surprisingly, completely circled the Queen Elizabeth Building, but it was moving along efficiently. People were not loitering, I surmised, in The People's Republic Pavilion. The good Dr Bethune was there to greet us among the photo-studies of friendly solidarity. Beyond the foyer you couldn't help being struck by the heavy artillery. Lathes, gear hobbing machines, and (my favorite) a bore core sample tracer. All were contoured, as if of plastic, in no-nonsense battleship grey.

The walls were alight with color transparencies. Oil refineries loomed large, making China look as exotic and inviting as Bayonne, New Jersey. You could follow, as if in a World Economy schoolbook, the whole process from drilling to packaging. "Number 1505 drill team chalked up a new drilling record," boasts one photograph, in good idiom. Nearby is a display of petroleum products, of every hue, gleaming in their flasks as opulently as the shelves of liquors aboard the SS France: Vacuum Sealing Grease Number 3 and 4, Anti-Rusting Agents Number 3 and 4. What had happened to one and two?

Agriculture was conspicuous. "The capital construction of farmland is being vigorously carried out in the spirit of self-reliance and arduous struggle." Yes, indeed. Meticulous reconstructions of terrain, the kind over which a spoonful of water, poured over high ground, will sluice in proper channels and not seep into one of the tiny buildings. Erosion. Scientific ploughing. Irrigation. Straight from that battered grade nine textbook: production of grain, of oils, of vegetables.

Further on, another under-the-Christmas-tree model settlement: "The newly built village of Tachai". Tachai was no doubt a dream of efficiency and a happy home for its people, but I wasn't bowled over. But then, I'd seen it before, and so have you. Do you remember the

long, drab terraces of adjoining shacks, coal-towns, in *How Green was My Valley?* (You can see the same thing in the newsclips from Londonderry and Belfast.) Tachai was a company town. No doubt it was spanking clean and had free clinics, but the spectre of robber-baron industrialism was there.

Leaving the rather sombre economic lessons behind, I strolled over the domestic displays, of the sort you might see a cross the way in the Live Better Electrically utopia. There was the "Snowflake" refrigerator (no automatic ice-makers yet.) Two chubby phones, baby blue and canary yellow, every bit as ugly as Bell's "futuristic" instruments. The "Typical" sewing machine, (looking just like the one that gathered dust for years in my aunt's attic, but without the foot treadle), intricate gold filigrees curling up its sturdy frame.

So far I had been peering at all these proudly selected exhibits with a kind of snide amusement; all right, with smug Western condescension. This is quite unfair, I know; we find this national pride rooted in bumper crops and oil refineries a little naive (but then have you taken a look at the back of the new ten-dollar bills?). Friends of mine who know these things, who can tell about machinery and electronic gear by looking at it, were impressed. Not quite up to western standards yet, clunkily designed, to be sure, but an enormous technological leap easy for us to forget. It would be churlish to belittle their accomplishment and to guy their pride. Still, it is disquieting to see China steaming headlong into the same sooty fallacies as the West. If it's good for the economy, its good, period.

These were morose thoughts. There was still the rest of the exhibit, handicrafts and amusements, and the mechanisms of culture and leisure. It would have been heartening to see more of these things, but it was something that they were there at all. Five years ago, I doubt whether we would have seen anything of them.

The Chinese liked tobacco (too much, I hear) and alcohol. This was obvious. Cigarettes with names like Coco Palms and Golden Camel caught the eye with sultry Arabian scenes, like Anglo-American brands in the twenties — Mecca, Egyptian Prettiest, Fatimas — when smoking was still a foppish, Eastern vice. (Westerners like to orientalize their vices; the Chinese get theirs from the decadent West).

There were varieties of Chinese

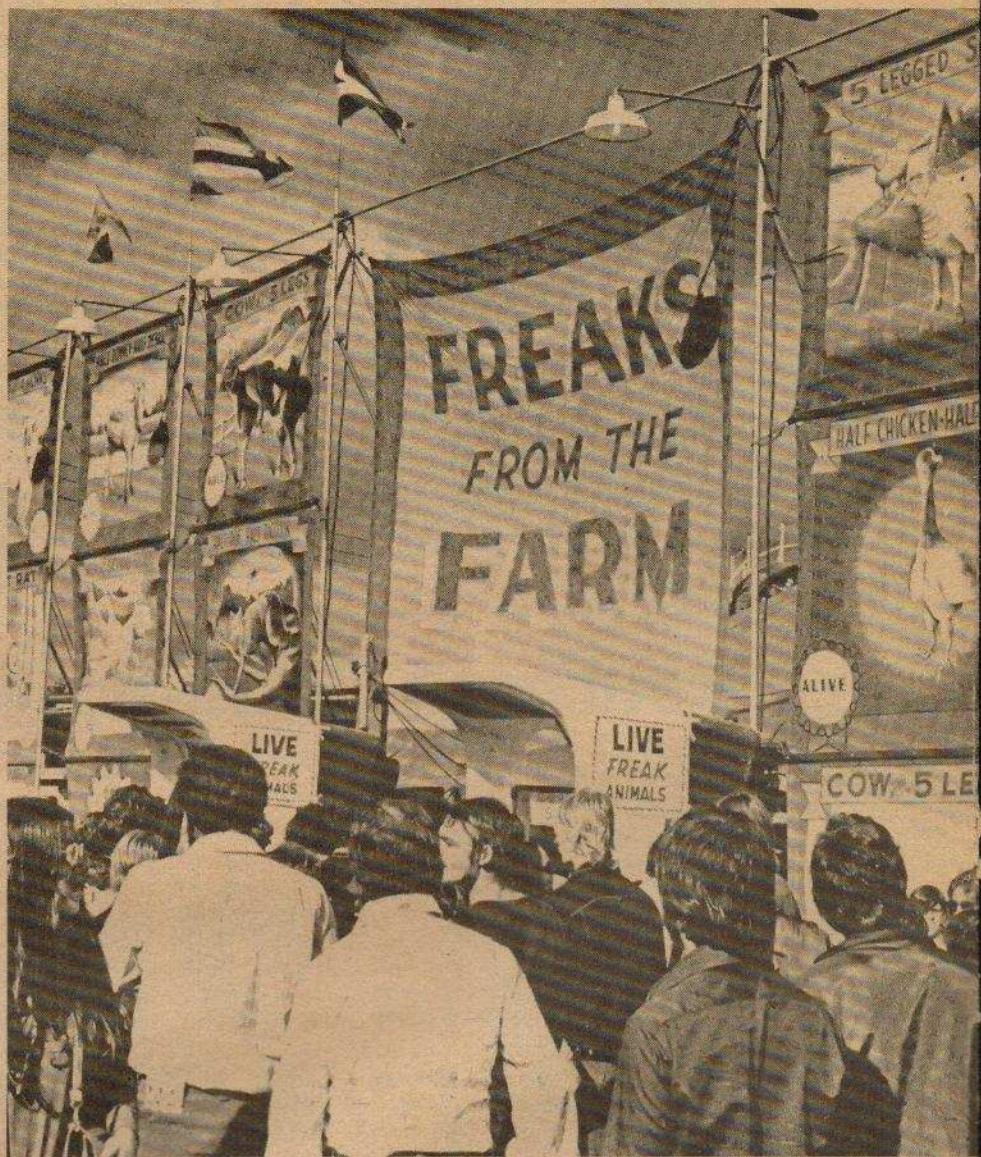
vermouth, Special Fine Brandy, Chee Foo White Wine which came in something looking like a catsup bottle. Other brands came in lavishly decorated pottery crocks. I wondered if we would soon be seeing Mao-tai, the brackish sorghum brandy, at the LCBO.

A semblance of a queue still coiled through the pavilion, kids poking at the scale models, women with shorts and varicose veins pushing baby strollers past the valve seals and anti-rusting agents. The only real thickening of the line occurred around the artifacts; often it was hard to get close. (You could have shot a cannon at the gear hobbing machine with only property damage resulting, by contrast). The cloissoné, to my untrained eye, looked every bit as finely crafted as the imperial lacquerware in the Royal Ontario Museum. There was a grouping of musical instruments; how the violins and basoons would sound when accompanying such revolutionary masterworks as *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* I don't know, but they looked splendid.

There were more artifacts, knick-knacks really, and these were less inspiring. Figurines, every male torso bearing the ruddy cheeks and rippling musculature of socialist realism (I kept remembering Alex's ransacked lobby in *A Clockwork Orange*. More carvings, pointlessly intricate dust-catchers. Have you ever seen those toothpick models of the Taj Mahal or Notre Dame that somebody has spent seven years and 400,000 splinters of wood? You oh and ah over the craftsmanship and think, god, what a monstrosity.

The cascade of fabrics had scant appeal to Western eyes. The designs, various stylizations of foliage, mostly, were close and busy, the colors themselves hot and faded. Imagine a room upholstered and draped with these fabrics, fill it up with the lacquer cigarette boxes, some cloissoné, a few lacily carved figurines. Throw a richly woven rug on the floor and a tepestry of admirable handicraft along the wall. You might as well be in some barrister's study in the days just after Victoria, when dusty orientalia cluttered the mansion-flats of the realm. All the artifacts, all the skillful weavings, seem geared to a fading market, an imperial opulence, a sense of booty and destinies that has almost totally let us. The East is not mysterious, the exhibit seemed to proclaim, it is *deja-vu*. We've been this way ourselves, 15, 20 years ago, a half-century even.

As we left the pavilion,





damn the precision machinery. The ones who loitered in the parking lot, smoking defiantly.

This one's married now, trying to keep check on two little demons racing from the Zipper to the Wild Mouse. The wife, sequined eyebrows on her sunglasses, a lumpy beehive of straw-colored hair, trails behind, bored. They looked so much older than me in high school, I used to despair. They still do, and I had a pang of compassion for all the wise toughs from those days who had sneered themselves into crummy, installment-plan lives.

All this sent me off to a reverie. Sentimental journey, I mused, time trips. County Fairs, exhibitions — what were they supposed to do? Bring the life of the cities, gaudy and neon-bright, to the hinterlands. Bring the future of sophisticated appliances, scientific marvels, new designs to the workaday present. The twenties and thirties with their mad, just around-the-corner dreams for the good life: just sit in your penthouse and push buttons, all day long. *The Shape of Things to Come*. Ditto the well-oiled fifties, space-age fantasies every week in the magazine section, in *Life* and *Collier's*.

Somewhere along the way the machinery got stuck in reverse. The hinterlands come to big cities, we step back a decade, or two or three. The sideshow lures us with clippings from the *Arkansas Gazette*, and we don't gawk, we titter. We find out that those people from years ago are still around; where else do we see them anymore? The biggest attraction of all on the midway — go back, wherever you want. The fifties. The forties. That time between the wars. It's all there, waiting to be sniffed out.

And how well The People's Republic blended in. At such forward-looking extravaganzas as Expo, China would have looked country-cousin indeed. Impoverished little countries squandered their treasures to keep up with the great-power Jonses, like Bette Davis in *The Catered Affair*. You couldn't imagine China doing that, even if it had begun to break out of its self-made shell. So, they chose the blowsy old CNE. Who would notice the chunky sets with screens the color of egg yolks boiled too long? Not the tired lines of people who spent their brief youth watching American Bandstand on just such a set. Or the unstylish dry goods, the garish bric-a-brac? Not the people who still see this stuff in Honest Ed's and who furnished their first flat with three rooms of furniture from a post-war emporium with easy budget terms, and who still had the end tables.

Clever people (as an old expression marvels), these Chinese.

The cooking smells along the midway were thick and exotic, like a brochette of innards smoking over coals in a North African bazaar. But we opted for the reliable fare over at Ontario Place, which looks worlds away. "Labyrinth" was playing — it had been the hit of Expo '67, I had heard — so we joined the lines snaking into Cinesphere. That damn music from *A Clockwork Orange* ushered us in, (ominous, that), and we fidgeted through a third of an hour of split-split-screen lyricism, half *Midnight Cowboy*, half *National Geographic*. "Is the last room empty?" asks the bilingual narrator, apropos of nothing, "or is it filled with all the shapes and sounds in the world?" Good question, that. I decided I was ready for a bracer stiff as a double bourbon: the fatty, Phillistine lures of the midway.

All day the sky had been the color of hot zinc, without a breeze. A singular odor collects over the fair on such a day, and is the same all over the country. It may vary a little, depending on which of its components predominates — manure, machinery oil and ozone, canvas, blackening grill grease. The essence remains, however; they could bottle it, as now they bottle pungent raw musk-oil, as Carnival Cachet. This particular night, a blanket of charcoal smoke, gritty with carcinogens, lay over the lights, and the stench of food sizzling in long-rancid fat cut easily through the other ripe smells.

The genteel afternoon crowds, those who had come for Better Living Electrically and the Food Pavilion and a browse through Cina, had mostly disappeared, gone home or packed in the grandstand for the skirl of pipes and the swirl of kilts. The kids now possessed the midway, just a few days before the schools redevoured them 'til June.

The younger they were, the less distinguishable. The boys' jeans flopped over white shoes with four, or two, or five stripes, they all wore t-shirts with funny things on them, and they rakishly jerked the hair out of their eyes. Their girls' almond-shaped faces peeped tentatively out from symmetrical cascades of hair. They kept rhythm in their strides and in the mastication of their gum. Queueing up for the rides, it was boy-girl, boy-girl, boy-girl, only occasionally broken up by a gaggle of stag-visitors, who horsed around in the lines and only rode things that turned upside-down.

Or there were the women, who travelled, like extra-careful nuns, in threes and who all wore pants suits. Mother and sister and daughter, or the three plain girls from the office. Mostly they walked up the midway and down again, shrieking when one of them suggested they have their weights guessed, then blew the rest of the night on Bingo. One trio, out for laughs, caajoed each other into a spree on the Wild

cat. They bought their tickets only to find out that the seats were for two, and empty space is no way to run a business. The odd-gir-out was shunted aside, looking forlorn, soon to be paired off with one of the stag males, who endured the furtive japes of his companions.

We strolled over to the side shows. The Ape Girl, Princess Something, in an "electronically sealed cage", would change into a gorilla, sprouting hair, before you very eyes. \$1000 if not true, the come-ones wheedled, \$1000. Further on, you could see such mutants as a sheep with five legs, and more arresting fauna. Rivalry ran high between the chicken with backward feathers and the one with fur instead of feathers. The star attraction was the giant jungle rat "from the sewers of Hong King."

The various neons of ferris wheels, twisters, and all the whirling torture-instruments, glared and shifted against all the facades: Rattle Dattle, Char-burgers, Laff in the Dark, a lurid sound and-light show through the smokey haze. Peak feeding hours were past, the high rancidity of the air had subsided to a point where any further diminution would have left me disappointed. This chip-oil smell of badly run concessions usully apalls me. That night, it had hair) activated an odd set of cravings.

There are genteel grandmothers (bless their twinkling blue eyes and blue hair) who won't miss the wrestling on their color consoles. There are people like myself who in mid-January, open the windows wide and douse the lights to squeeze every possible shiver from a two am horror movie.

People, a lot of people I'll bet, go to these fairs and exhibitions and carnivals precisely to savour that perverse glamour. We crave vulgarity, the game savour of the raffish, mush as our bones crave calcium or our blood iron.

It's a relative thing, I suppose. That woman with the beehive hair and sunglasses was right to be bored; the street she lives on probably dishes out every week as much of the seamy side as I get to see all year. And spending evenings with *Middlemarch* or *The Cambridge Ancient History* probably induces severe psychic deficiencies. Is it any accident that academics are the most voracious consumers (and producers) of shameless thrillers? There's some inverse ratio at work here, even as the most successful flights of prose-poetry usually have the heaviest ballast of the earthy, the clinical, the Phillistine, or as the most charming cities (Venice, New Orleans) have their most elegant byways and palazzos abutting on the sordid and jazzy night towns.

We have come to an attraction called The Chambre, which from the pictures of loosely veiled, uberously breasted women in every sort of contortion, seems to be a psychopath's wet dream. Loudspeakers coaxed us in. "See a young girl hung on a meathook," the voice rasped engagingly. "See a young girl on a bull-wheel being roasted alive." Cute little buys, pride of the cub scouts, were counting out their quarters. We began to move away. "It's a groovy happening," the voice wheedled plaintively, to our backs. Glut was beginning to set in, fast.

The fireworks were spattering the sky as we milled down to board a street car, jammed with pastel pandas and outlandish sombreros. Stop and go up Bathurst, windows open to the close night. Outside the Wheat Sheaf Tavern, at King Street, a very drunk young woman in crimson hot-pants, very unsteady on her high-heeled black boots, shrieked after a gaunt laborer who was deserting her. Outside the Paddock, at Queen, somebody lay spread-eagled on the pavement. Nearby, a very old man poked visiously through green garbage bags with his cane.

At the Bathurst station, someone collapsed on the platform after smashing a bottle down against the tracks, putting a furtive mouse to flight. On the train, two kids, 13 or 14 at most, necked furiously. As the train braked to our stop, I watched a tired looking woman with a babushka lean forward to speak to the girl. A reprimand, I was sure. But no, she seemed to be the girl's mother, asking a question. Satisfied, she settled back to stare at the tunnel walls, and her daughter rejoined the embrace. The boy's t-shirt asked the cutely stenciled question: "Wanna ball?" Glut had set in.

By Bill MacVicar



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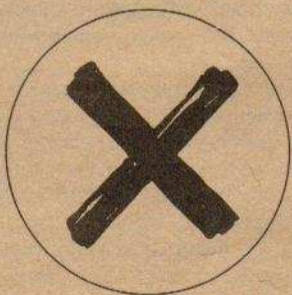
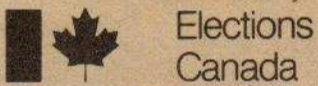
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PROXY VOTING

Students "away from home"

Every Canadian citizen* 18 years of age or more, may vote if residing in Canada on the first day of enumeration week.

To vote, your name must be on a list of electors—the list for the polling division in which you ordinarily reside. These lists are posted in each Polling Division and copies are mailed to each household in urban areas.

If you are absent during an election from your place of ordinary residence, due to your full-time attendance at a recognized educational institution in Canada during an academic term, you may vote by proxy.

* If you are a British subject, but not a Canadian citizen, have been residing in Canada since June 25, 1967 and were at least 20 years old on that date, you may (until June 26, 1975) vote at a federal election.



Where is my place of ordinary residence?

- **Married students:** It does not matter if both husband and wife are students, nor does it matter if you live in one room, or in a student's residence or at the home of parents. Your place of ordinary residence is where you are physically residing on enumeration day and your name should be on the list of electors in that Polling Division.
- **Single students living "at home":** No problem. You should be on the list of electors in the Polling Division in which your home is located.

YOU MAY VOTE BY PROXY

- **Single students living "away from home":** The home of your parents or guardian is your ordinary residence, even if you may be there for only relatively short periods of time each year. Your name should be on the list of electors in the Polling Division in which your home is located.
- **Single students "on their own":** Your place of ordinary residence is where you are physically residing on enumeration day and you are entitled to be on the list of electors in that Polling Division.

How can I be sure my name is on a voters' list?

— if possible, examine the list for your Polling Division, or enquire from someone back home. The name and telephone number of the RETURNING OFFICER for your home electoral district are available from "Directory Assistance" there.

What is a recognized educational institution?

— any organization, within reason, that teaches an intellectual or manual skill.

I am away from home but am I a full-time student?

— you are if your main reason for being away from home is to attend a recognized educational institution, even if you work at some other job part of the time.

How may I vote by proxy?

If you are absent during an election from your place of ordinary residence due to your full-time attendance at a recognized educational institution in Canada during an academic term, you may vote by proxy:

- make sure your name is on the list of electors in the area in which you ordinarily reside;

- obtain a statement from the Registrar of your educational institution confirming that you are a properly registered full-time student; and
- get a "form 47" from a RETURNING OFFICER, fill it in and attach the Registrar's statement. These papers must be handed in person by your proxy voter or yourself to your RETURNING OFFICER back home before 10 PM of the Friday preceding polling day.

Who can be my proxy voter?

Any person who is on the list of electors of the same Polling Division as yourself and not appointed proxy voter for another elector.

That's it!

Published by the Chief Electoral Officer of Canada

* Regular full-time students in the Faculty of Arts and Science may obtain a Registrar's Statement form and a form 47 from their College Registrar.

All other full-time students may obtain both forms from their Faculty (or School) Secretary.

Copies of the Proxy Voting folder shown above have been distributed in College, Faculty, School, SAC and GSU offices.

Paid Advertisement Placed by
The University of Toronto

guide to the music scene

popular records

Looking at any ten block square area in Toronto you're likely to find at least one store selling records. If you're interested in good selection and low prices you'll probably do your shopping at a discount record store on Yonge or Bloor.

I took a stroll one morning to price some recent releases on different labels that listed at \$6.29 and one double album, the Rolling Stones' *Exile* on Main Street, which lists at about \$10.98.

The worst prices were quickly found at *Simpson's* with the 629's at an inflated \$4.98 and "Exile" going for \$8.98. These prices should eliminate this department store from any further serious consideration.

The Yonge St. pair, *Sam The Record Man A & A* came out with identical prices on all items with 629's at \$4.49 and "Exile" at \$7.95. Between the two stores you can get almost any record you may want — the variety and amount of stock is staggering and includes many imports) at wallet-busting prices of course. Both stores feature weekend or 15 minute specials (at 9 am) which can net you a top selling album for \$2.99 to \$3.49. The special is the cheapest but most painful way to buy records.) Many manufacturers' delisted albums are available for \$1.90 at both stores. If you're trying to decide whether to buy a sale priced album at Sam's or A & S, you might remember that A & A is owned by the American based CBS corporation (Columbia Records).

Eaton's prices are now the same as Sam's. There seems to be a reasonable amount of stock but you can't expect 629's on sale for less than \$3.99. The main advantages of this outlet are simply those of any department store. Phone orders and COD's are possible and payments can be delayed using a charge account.

Target Tape stocks very few records, but of those available 629's were being offered at \$3.99 and "Exile" was \$6.29. The store's main business is tapes so the record shelves are sparse. On the day I visited, I could find no Columbia discs. My guess is the \$3.99 price tags won't last very long.

Round Records is easily my pick as the best place to shop. With a 34 per cent discount applied to the list price of all albums, 629's were being sold at \$4.15 and "Exile" was a very low \$6.75. It's a small personable store with consistently low prices. Many delisted albums are also available at \$1.90 as well as used albums (some recent and in fairly good condition) at about the same price. If you're tired of your old records they can be sold to Round.

With the store being so small the stock is alas limited, but you can order any album that's not in, and usually receive it in a day or so. You still get regular 34 per cent discount off the list price. Round owner Larry Ellenson can rap with you for hours about records, music or anything else that might turn you on. It's a one man operation, with no big business ties, no supermarket style shopping aisles, and most important, no rip off prices.

People who are short of money can listen to records at and borrow them from any North York Public Library. Collections are small and releases take many weeks to appear. Classical fans can choose from a complete library set up in the Edward Johnson Building to listen to music.

There are many defects in the albums that are being sold today. If you thought it was your hearing when that album you bought sounded scratched on its very first spin around the turntable, you can stop worrying.

Many of today's new discs are carelessly pressed, resulting in bubbles in the vinyl that cause pops or skips. The new thin discs and the elaborate triple fold-out five-poster extravaganza jackets result in some unusually shaped records these days.

At the kinds of prices you have to pay for records, you should rebel against such shoddy practices. The first thing you should do after buying the album is place the bill in a safe place. If after a first play you think the record would be more comfortable in a boomerang collection, or if a

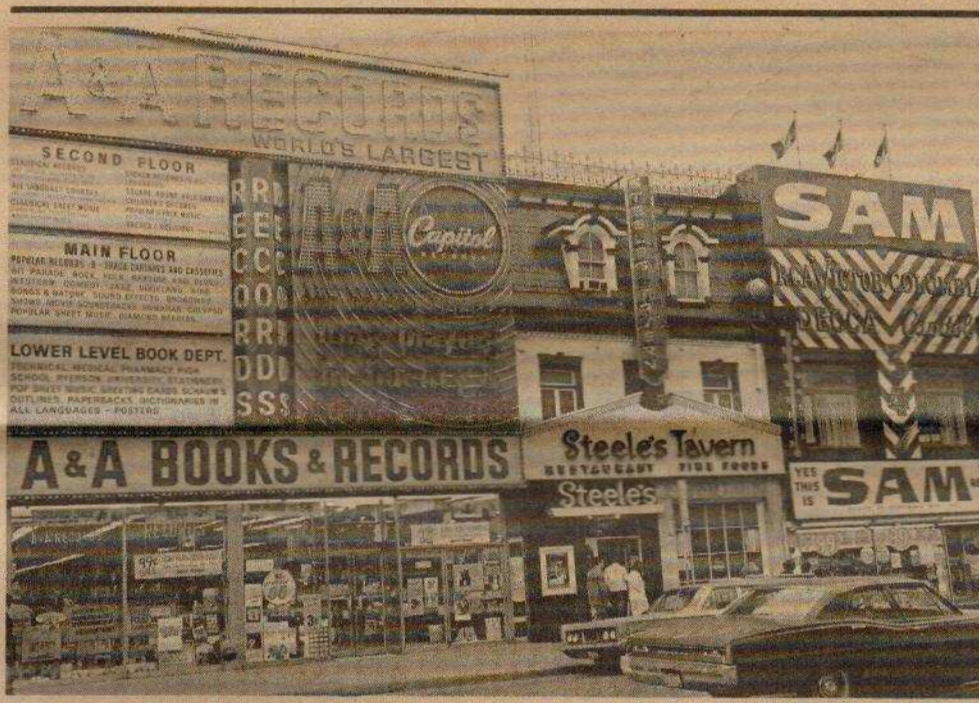
few pops or skips appear, don't be afraid to return the defective item to the store with the bill. Demand a new copy. And if that one's defective, take it back too, until you're satisfied.

If the store refuses to exchange albums, tell them that you'll never be back again. Then call up the distributor (any record store can tell you what company distributes a given label). If for some reason the company refuses to send you a new record, write a letter to the manager. That's always good for some action. The main thing is to let people know that you won't be passive while you're being given shoddy goods at fancy prices.

Allan Mandel

classical music scene

Just as Toronto is now considered a miniature New York in the world of theatre, so too the city has suddenly become a miniature London in the world of serious music. chamber, choral and symphony concerts abound, although one evening in the orchestra here often costs as a week of Festival Hall concerts in London. Prices are not unreasonable, however,



The Varsity — David Lloyd

especially for some of the more "radically" programmed concerts.

It has been estimated that with the advent of FM stereo the classical audience in large cities has risen 10 per cent taking into account the rise in population of course) and it is evident that by the increasingly interesting programs and slate of top-name artists, musical entrepreneurs in Toronto are doing something to fill the more in-depth requirements of a larger and yet more discriminating audience.

The following list comprises musical enterprises and institutions, with some minimum admission prices.

Toronto Symphony: last season was the 50th anniversary of the TS and apparently the orchestra enjoyed a near capacity audience for the series A and B concerts. Besides Maestro Karel Ancerl, Erich Leinsdorf, Seiji Ozawa and Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos will conduct the 100 or so musicians. Guest artists include Jacqueline De Pre, Emil Gilels, Rudolph Serkin and Yehudi Menuhin — almost all visiting regulars now. Some interesting programs are also promised: Mozart's stunning requiem finally gets a Toronto hearing (June 23-4) after being passed over several times for Verdi's secular lament. Shostakovich's ninth symphony (April 3-4) and Somers' brilliant Passacaglia and Fugue (January 16-17) are two more anticipated works to be performed.

The two top series of 12 concerts each are A and B, costing \$20 for the gallery. The B series is split in two at a cost of \$13.50 for gallery seats. Phone 368-4631 for their brochure, or watch for full-page ads in the Toronto papers.

Hart House and the Edward Johnson Building. There is of course the Hart House Orchestra and Boyd Neel, as well as Sunday evening concerts in the Great Hall. The Edward Johnson Building has

the fullest slate of music events in the city. Phone 928-3744 and watch The Varsity's "Watsup" for info.

International Artist Series at Massey Hall. This is probably the second most enterprising classical series in Toronto. Six concerts will feature artists such as Victoria de Los Angeles and Zubin Mehta conducting his old orchestra, the Israel Philharmonic. You can do almost as well price-wise as the TS series too: \$16.50. Two separate concerts feature Segovia and the Vienna Boys Choir in the special events of the series.

St. Lawrence Centre. There are chamber concerts all through the year usually, and this year the town hall is hosting the International Quartet Series, from November 2 to April 16 of next year. The quartets will be the Amadeus, the Quartetto Italiano, the Lasalle (renowned for their recording of modern music, having just completed Bartok's string quartets), the Bartok, the Orford, the Czech, the Borodin. Phone 366-1656 for information. Prices are \$3.50 and \$4.50. Subscription is sold out.

The Candian Opera Company at O'Keefe. Unfortunately we have to wait until 1976 even to hear Berg's *Lulu Wozzeck*, considered by many the best opera written in this century, is still presumably too radical at the ripe age of

concerting process going on in the music industry which I call "Great Distortion Shift." Ten years ago records were thick, flat, robust things which lacked only superior play-back equipment to do them justice. In the last five years audio fidelity has become a precise description of countless stereo components at moderately high prices, when it used to be a merely optimistic label on every Eaton's home console.

But here is the irony: records have become thin, flimsy sheets of plastic, sometimes warped into absurd convexity. At the same time, prices continue to go up. Angel (EMI) Records is a perfect example. They are the largest recording company in the world and once produced a sumptuous, unrivalled sound. No more. Recordings are often cheaply and/or badly miked, and (my biggest gripe) are as thin and out of shape as the cardboard they are packaged in.

Only London Records and Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft consistently retain the "full" sound for classical, and perhaps Reprise and Elektra (among some others) are being fair much of the time to rock and jazz. Bargain classical labels such as Mace, Nonesuch, Tourabout, Ace of Diamonds (with sound equal to the best — it's London's bargain label), Seraphim (Angel's bargain label often competing with its full-priced peer), Monitor and Everyman are unquestionably the mainstay of the classical audiophile.

A trip to New York or Detroit makes the bargain-hunter from Toronto temporarily woozy, but chances are in the rest of Canada there's no street like Yonge Street for low prices and wide choice.

The following list is by order of preference, based on price, selection, and to some extent atmosphere.

Round Records (110 Bloor West near Bay) second floor. The on-hand stock is exclusively rock, but the proprietor will order any classical record (the Swann Catalogue is on the desk) and easily undersell A & A (who are equally obliging about ordering). Their discount is 34 per cent off list except DGG, discount for which is one quarter. If you know what you want, this is clearly the best place to order from.

Continued on Page 15

listening to folk

Folk, wooden or chansonier music is still hanging in, maybe even rallying allghtly. **The Riverboat** on Yorkville, and **Grumbles** on lower Jarvis Street bring in big names (Van Ronk, Hartford, Walker, Browne, etc.) at big name prices. When it is crowded you have to leave after one extended set; weeknights you can often stay for two. In between names and sometimes on the same nights are local musicians. Watch for Rolf Kempf at the Riverboat.

Fiddler's Green on Tuesday and Friday nights, through the parking lot behind the YMCA, a block east of Eglinton and Yonge, has the best in traditional music and local performers. The atmosphere is friendly and anyone can get up and play a few songs. Never costs more than \$2, most of the time less. 489-3001.

The Whistle Stop operates Sunday nights in the house beside Fiddler's (through the parking lot, etc.). Local performers, most often quite good, plenty of guest sets, informal atmosphere. \$.75.

The Stanley Steamer operates Monday nights in the basement of Neil Wycik College, Gerrard, two blocks East of Yonge, the big red multi-story building. Local musicians, guest sets, loose atmosphere, \$1, I think.

Fat Albert's runs Wednesday nights in the basement of Bloor St. United Church, Bloor at Huron, on the same policy as **Stanley Steamer** and the **Whistle Stop**.

And way out on Eglinton just East of Markham Road is **The Coffeehouse**, good local musicians on Friday and Saturday nights. \$1.

All of the above get going in the vicinity of nine o'clock.

Bob Bossin

classical records

By IAN SCOTT

For all the attractive bargains and wide selection on the Toronto record market these days, there is a dis-

A guide to university curriculum

By GARY WEBSTER

Here it is fall again and, as in past years, thousands of freshmen are entering the Arts Faculties of Ontario universities expecting educations they aren't going to get. Many, perhaps most, believe a B.A. will make them prime contenders for choice jobs in industry, government and education.

A lot of them are in for disillusionment — not because the industrial and bureaucratic elites wouldn't like to absorb them, but because the branch-plant Canadian economy simply is not geared to use the abundant human resources which the high schools and universities disgorge every year.

Those who are in for an even greater disappointment, however, are the minority who come to university with the primary purpose of learning what the world is all about. These are the idealists — admittedly the high schools produce less and less such naive types each year — to whom the university, especially the University of Toronto, appears as a temple of the higher mysteries, a sanctuary of truth, where a carefully groomed priesthood painstakingly initiates the new generation of the elect into the secrets of the way the world runs.

There are, unfortunately, many ways in which the University of Toronto does resemble the most hierarchical of churches and these have not been fundamentally changed by the revisions of the top structure. U of T is authoritarian and elitist in the style and form of its teaching-learning functions and of its government. It is notably defensive about criticisms of its privileges and of its role in the Ontario community emanating from the unenlightened — those who are not members of the priesthood, regardless of whether or not they are among the less than 10% of all Ontarians who have ever attended a university. But the worst aspect of this whole inflated metaphor is that the eager freshman will learn as much about the way the world really works in his classes at Toronto as he might have learned about heavenly truth in the corrupt Church of the Medici popes.

The arts and social science students will be the chief victims of this gap between reality and the gospel according to most U of T professors (there are a few heretics of course — we're very liberal — but don't mention institutional political commitment, it's worse than birth control).

The scientist will learn a lot about his physical environment and will probably

become a fairly good employment prospect, even though he will get little idea of the social implications of his knowledge or of the means by which it will be expropriated for the benefit of the very few.

The arts student will study the intellectual playthings and the ideological

emanations of all of Western man's past and present ruling classes. He will encounter hardly any of the literary, philosophical, visual or with their "intellectual limitations," have obtained or expressed their awareness of their environment. Unless his specialty is esoteric, he will hardly even awaken to the ex-

istence of that European phenomenon, culture, in the non-Western world. In short, most of his old class and cultural prejudices will be expanded upon, uplifted, and dignified by a flattering patina of intellectual jargon.

The failure of the arts subjects to transcend the boundaries of upper-class Western culture is compounded by the tendency of the academic disciplines to divorce all forms of artistic and intellectual expression from the social and political milieu in which they developed. English and classics professors should not be sociologists, say the rules of the game (see Bronwen Wallace's excellent article on this subject in Winter, 1970, This Magazine is About Schools). The result of often a fraudulent transformation of the messages of spokesmen for particular classes and personality types within a society into the spirit of a whole age.

It is as if we took the views of The Globe and Mail or the New York Times as the quintessence of the attitudes of all Canadians or all Americans. Add to this factor the fragmentation of culture into 'Literature', 'Philosophy', 'Fine Art' 'Music' — it's even a separate Faculty — and the dimensions of the problem become even clearer.

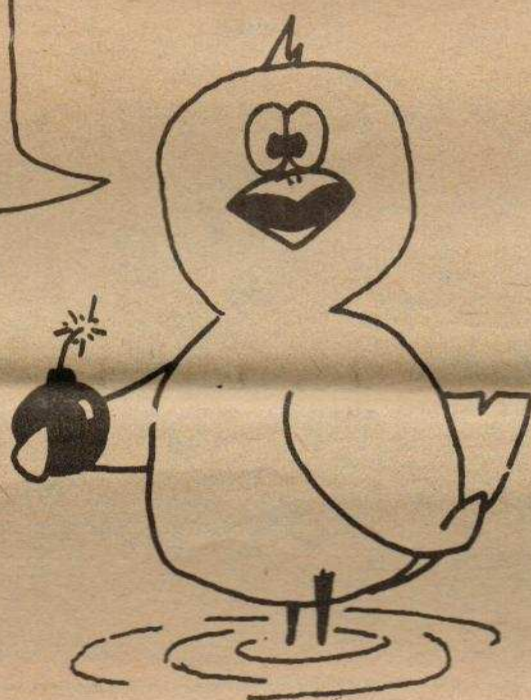
The student trying to understand the world might hope that the social sciences would offer some sort of antidote to this incapacity of the university to comprehend man's experience in any given age as both diverse — in terms of the activities of different classes, races and sexes (how many women does history record?) — and integrated — in the sense of interplay both among these groups and among their various modes of self-expression, i.e. art, politics, economic activity and intellectual creation. The social science curricula afford scant fulfilment of that hope.

Anthropology courses focus chiefly on the exotica ignored by other departments although this is one discipline in which a capacity for dealing with the integrity and interrelatedness of human experience has not entirely disappeared.

Psychology, sociology and political science all suffer from a tendency to impose the norms of middleclass behaviour and existing social arrangements on the subjects of their study. Their essential goal is to orient students to the idea of society as a reconciliation system in which all interests and viewpoints can be accommodated without messy conflicts and

Continued on Page 15

Controlled as it is by the ruling class of society, this university serves their needs (at the expense of the needs of the people) and as such is an instrument of oppression. What could be more obvious?



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OFFER EXPIRES OCT. 31, 1972

A guide to university curriculum

Continued from Page 14

without departing radically from existing institutional and economic models. Deviant behaviour and social disruptions are treated as anomalous problems rooted in the personal or group failures of the individuals or "minorities" concerned or as temporary aberrations in the essentially correct functioning of the system. There are exceptions to this pattern of analysis among individual professors, but we are speaking of the general impression conveyed by the curricula of these departments.

Economic courses by and large ignore the exploration of radical alternatives to the existing mode of production and distribution of wealth, treat capital as an entity with a life of its own rather than as the product of socially mobilized labour and human will, and bypass the political, social and cultural effects of American ownership of Canada.

Non-development of the third world is interpreted in nearly every discipline as a failure of the indigenous social systems (which are usually not even studied as they were before outside incursion) rather than as a by-product of centuries of imperialism and the capitalist organization of the world market. If only all peoples and all classes could be as rationally bureaucratic as the Western elites! (See, e.g., David Apter's *Politics of Modernization*, which tells us they inevitably will be).

It is a commonplace among those who have had experience of this and other universities to note that their government and the educational process within them are undemocratic and conducive to the development of master-servant relationships between teachers and taught, graduates and their fellow Canadians.

It is less frequently pointed out that the very content of our education fails to acquaint student with the real life, thoughts and social experience of the mass of humanity in this and every other age. The articulate, the privileged and the victors of history are paraded before us year after year as the only real representatives of life on this planet. And since most of us expect to join one or all of those categories, small wonder that we accept this fauous and untruthful version of past and existing reality, as the classicists expound the virtues of slave-based, imperial Athens, the medievalists tout scholastical hierarchy and feudalism, and the political

scientists tell us the benefits of the war in Vietnam.

Plato, Aristotle, Locke, Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt, Harold Wilson and pierre Elliot Trudeau are slyly pawned off on us as contributors to the development of the democratic ideal, while Stalin and Brezhnev are passed off as the logical products of Marxist approaches to political problems. Major contributors to the growth of the democratic idea such as Marsilius of Padua, Herder, Thomas Paine, Rosa Luxemburg and Frantz Fanon are virtually ignored.



And in an era when minor variants of the fascist form of government are mainstays of the free world and the Russian bloc, it is all but impossible to find a course in any department which deals with the history, politics, economic base (invariable support by the biggest industrialists, including British and American), psychology and sociology of the well-documented instances of full-blown facism in the 1920's and '30's.

These and other deficiencies of the university curriculum are commonly blamed on the evil machinations of the corporate elites who supposedly dominate the universities through their boards of governors. They have played their part in the past, but in the present the buck need no longer be passed so far. Universities

are controlled from within, and the enemy of free thought is within.

The fact is that it is the faculty members, aided by a largely quiescent, unquestioning, upper-class or aspiring upper-class student body, who are responsible for the shoddy state of the academic community. Those professors who have the tenure and concomitant security which should enable them to act independently are themselves, for the most part, the internal pole in the university of the anti-democratic, manipulative Canadian and American upper classes (and NDP affiliation does not exonerate most professorial members of that party from this indictment).

If real changes are to be made, they will be made by the students in concert with a small minority of the present faculty. The method of achievement of such changes remains an enigma. The type of reforms from above attempted in the last

few years will clearly not work. We must rethink.

If we want a democratic education, a democratic, informed and independent Canada, and a world in which men can again live as men we must canvas every alternative. And we must not be afraid to include the Ontario public, in whose name education is conducted so duplicitously today, in our attempts at transformation. In this, as in most other aspects of the transformation. In this, as in most other aspects of the transformation of education, we have failed up to now.

Gary Webster was a doctoral student in political science at U of T. He was a member of the Commission on University Government (CUG) which recommended democratization of university structures. He now teaches at the University of Prince Edward Island.

Reprinted from the Victoria University 1970 Handbook.

classical record

Continued from Page 13

A & A Records (2 locations: 351 Yonge above Bloor and 131 Bloor West, in the Colonnade). The Yonge Street store (upstairs) is the best classical mart in town. It has frequent manufacturer's clearance sales, very wide selection of old releases, and a progressively campaign-like eagerness to stock recent releases. They will order records, but if it comes from Europe you'll know it by the stiff price. Prices are otherwise reasonable: \$4.50 - 5.50 for regular releases and 99 cents - \$3.00 for bargain releases. Also a fair selection of 8-track cartridges and cassettes. Some reel to reel tapes, but at twice the price of an album — no wonder they're becoming obsolete.

Sam the Record Man 347 Yonge, nudging A&A). Good classical section at the back of the first floor, with the standard bargain labels and prices (equivalent to A & A most of the time). A well-stocked renaissance and medieval music section is a nice surprise.

Eaton's (190 Yonge at Queen). We shouldn't blame department stores for high prices, shallow selection. It is the price the buyer pays for the convenience of having every other commodity at his disposal at the same location. Apologies aside, prices are high, choice limited. Chances are, record buffs don't require "every other commodity" and should know better.

Simpson's (176 Yonge at Queen). Here is a partial exception to the rule. While the rock section is poor, the classical section is not bad at all. If you don't know quite what you want, here is a place to begin without being overwhelmed by an infinity of choices as is the case at A & A, for example. There is a good selection of classical DGG cassettes, too, at regular (high) prices.

The Book Cellar (2 locations: in the Charles Promenade below Bloor on Yonge, and on Yorkville, two blocks above Bloor off Avenue Rd.). Both stock exclusively classical records. The Charles St. location is poorly stocked with only Seraphims which selling for a dime less than the regular bargain price of \$2.39. The Yorkville location devotes a whole room to records. The setting is attractive, but the choice is limited to full-price (\$5.00) Angels and DGG's.

Target Tape (corner of Isabella and Yonge, 1 block south of Charles). A fairly good classical selection in cassettes and 8-track, as well as a well-stocked rock section makes this the best tape mart downtown, but the prices seem somewhat ungenerously high for an all-tape store (in classical music).

Circle of Sound (Toronto Dominion Concourse, King at Bay). High prices (e.g. Tournabouts, of which they have a fairly large stock, are selling for nearly \$4 while A & A and Sam's price is about \$2.75, fair selection in cassette and 8-track, in an attractive setting—you get what you pay for.

Ian Scott



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A guide to the theatre

Theatre's version of Russian roulette, the subscription series, is upon us again. The theory is that you save a lot of money by paying a lump sum at the beginning of the season for which you receive seats at a discount. The bullet in the chamber is the quality of the shows themselves. A series ranges from four to eight shows and all the entries may be excellent. Or there might be one bomb, or two, or...

The Royal Alexandra, 260 King St. W. (363-4211), as usual, is first off the line; its series has already started, badly, with *The Rothschilds*. However, subscription rates are still being offered on the remaining five road shows, *How the Other Half Lives*, *Irene*, *Henry IV*, and *Voyage Around My Father*. For students, subscribing is about the only way to see these shows at a decent price. Seats for The Rothschilds vary from \$15 for a pew in the orchestra, evenings, to a low of \$4.50 for a seat up with the gods at a matinee. Subscription prices are \$39 top down to \$12.50 for the five shows. These amounts are slightly above half price and are better than average for theatre ticket discounts in Toronto.

The O'Keefe Centre, Front and Yonge, (363-6633), offers the largest subscription series with eight shows. Seven of these have been revealed to date: *The Sound of Music*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Two by Two*, *Follies*, *The London Palladium Show*, *Ballade* and *Gone with the Wind*. The price range is stunning, from \$60 for weekend orchestra seats to \$18 for the rear balcony, only an Olympic record javelin throw away from the stage. There are no student discounts on subscriptions because the prices have already been reduced. The O'Keefe does offer a good deal on its many non-subscription attractions like the Canadian Opera Company and the National Ballet.

Students are admitted for half price to Wednesday and Saturday matinees and to evening performances on student standby after 7 p.m. if ticket sales are slow.

The best place to see straight drama, although it is not always the best drama, is the St. Lawrence Centre, Front just east of Yonge, (366-7723). Toronto's only large rep theatre this year offers five plays in its season: *The Trial*, *Twelfth Night*, *A Touch of the Poet*, *Electra* and *Les Belles Soeurs*. It is a conservative selection, designed to eliminate memories of previous experiments that ended in disaster and to consolidate a growing corps of followers. The St. Lawrence keeps its prices reasonable at \$25 top for the five shows and if you want to go to Saturday matinee previews, it's \$5 for the lot. That's cheaper than a good many movies around.

Several of the smaller companies have also gone the pay now, play later route. Oldest of these is Toronto Workshop Productions, 12 Alexander St. (925-8640). Students can pay \$10 to see five plays: *Hey Rube!*, *The Inspector-General*, *Indians*, *Letters From the Earth* and

The Good Soldier Schweik. Three of the plays are either original material or adapted by the workshop which has a long standing reputation for innovative and exciting productions.

The University Alumni Dramatic Club, after years in coach houses all over the city, seem to have found a permanent home in the new Firehall Theatre, Adelaide and Berkeley, (241-0112). Oddly enough, the theatre is a converted 19th Century firehall and a piece of local architectural memorabilia. To celebrate, the UADC offers its first subscription series of four plays: *The Plough and the Stars*, *Le Temps Sauvage*, *The Women* and *The Zykovs*. A subscription is \$8 but does not save the student any money unless he wants to attend on Friday or Saturday night when the standard student price goes up from \$2 to \$3.

The Menagerie Players has a four play subscription season at the Central Library Theatre, College and St. George, (924-8950). If *Oh Dad, Poor Dad*, the first in the series, is any indication, this group's productions should be taken one at a time and after careful consideration, rather than in a lump on speculation.

One other group, Classic Stage Productions, has begun an eight play season, no subscription, at the Colonnade Theatre. And if its first production is any indication, it is just as well that no series has been offered.

The only organization on campus that has thus far announced a season is Hart House Theatre. Now that the economic crunch has come, Hart House has abandoned its policy of presenting seldom-seen (often with good reason) plays and is trying more well-known and popular fare in order to increase interest and box office. Only three plays instead of the usual four will be presented this year: *The Misanthrope*, *Rosmersholm* and *Hamlet*. Watch the Varsity and posters for announcements of productions by other campus groups.

The other theatres in Toronto seem to work, in public at least, on a pro tem basis. Two of them are now presenting works. *Tarragon Theatre*, 30 Bridgman St., (964-8833) has *Leaving Home*, a successful piece being revived from last season. Wednesday a new Canadian play, *Foul Play*, opens at the Factory Lab Theatre, 374 Dupont St. (921-5989).

Other experimental small theatres are Theatre Passe Muraille, 11 Trinity Square (366-3376); Global Village, 17 St. Joseph St. (964-0035); Studio Lab, 209 Adelaide St. E. (366-6451); Actors' Theatre, 390 Dupont St., (923-9792). These can offer most absorbing and creative theatre.

The Theatre in the Dell, formerly the only surviving home of the revue in Toronto, will present a double bill of straight, non-musical comedies, opening October 2 for a three month run.

when you need someone to talk to

Community Switchboard	923-0944
Bathurst-Bloor Information Centre	531-4613
Community Information Centre of Metropolitan Toronto	863-0505
Student's Administrative Council	928-4911
Connection (drug and medical)	595-6100
Action Service Contact Centre (crisis intervention)	255-7746
Toronto Free Clinic	
252 Dupont	925-6223
Birth Control Information	489-9006
University of Toronto Dental Clinic	928-2784
VD Hot Line	864-1011
Village Health Centre	
106 Scollard St.	925-3843
Well-Baby Clinic	
64 Augusta	920-1793
Distress Centre	366-1121
Distress Centre Two	486-1456
Advisory Bureau	928-2684
U of T Health Service — Men	928-2459
U of T Health Service — Women	928-2456
Welfare Action	741-6595
Landlord-Tenant Advisory Bureau	367-8572
Career Counselling and Placement, U of T	928-2537
Housing Service, U of T	928-2542
Planned Parenthood	924-3761
Pollution Probe	928-6155
Toronto Transit Commission	487-2424
Toronto Women's Caucus	368-6583
Women's Liberation Movement	
:abortion referral:	533-9006
Any Day Now :free store:	
26 Oxford St.	
St. Jamestown Free Store	
375 Bleecker	921-4788
Campus Co-operative Day Care Centre	12
Sussex	925-7495
University Settlement House	364-9133
The Varsity	923-8741 923-8742

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